

4-16-1954

Snapshot-Kodak, April 16, 1954

Milwaukee-Downer College

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Recommended Citation

Milwaukee-Downer College, "Snapshot-Kodak, April 16, 1954" (1954). *Milwaukee-Downer College Student Newspapers*. Paper 214.
http://lux.lawrence.edu/mdc_newspapers/214

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April 16, 1954

SNAPSHOT - KODAK

A SOPHOMORE SPEAKS
Mary Jo Vanderpool

ASSEMBLY PROGRAM FEATURES
NOTED FASHION COUNSELLOR

Now that the Red and Green have had their say, I think it's time that someone spoke up for the Yellow. For some time now we've been sitting quietly by while the upperclassmen either defended or assailed our actions, so after much consideration, here goes.

Because we Sophs feel freezing is unnecessary some believe we want to abolish all the traditions of Downer and start from scratch. This is entirely untrue. The main reason for abolishing freezing was that we felt it did more harm than good. Anything which causes enmity and hate to exist and grow is not good.

Moreover, if anyone cares to consult records as we have done, she will find that freezing in its most recent form is only about ten years old. Can you then call it such a deep-rooted tradition, when the Hat is now in its 68th year? Add to this fact that each "new" thing that we have suggested is based upon an old tradition somehow lost, in which we saw enough merit to revive it, and I believe you'll have to admit we're not uprooting so much or starting anything so new.

Because we've abolished freezing, most of the same accusers want to believe that we're also against class rivalry. Again this is untrue. Class rivalry is just as much a part of Downer as the Hat, but as all things can do, it got out of hand. We're willing to admit our mistakes, but you must truthfully admit that we've taken our medicine and profited by the hard lesson which was self-inflicted. Now I feel that the rivalry can be carried on again,
(cont. on p. 3 col. 1)

Tobe is coming! One of the most glamorous and top-notch fashion counsellors in the United States is our special assembly speaker for April 26.

Mrs. Tobe Collar Davis (S. Taube Collier, a former Downer student as '10) has achieved fame as a fashion merchandise counsellor to the \$180 billion United States retailing industry. Mrs. Davis conducts the famous Tobe School in New York. She, her associates, and staff of thirty run style market clinics for retailers and merchandisers, publish the "Tobe Guide", a weekly digest on ready-to-wear, and syndicate a style news flash daily, called "Tobe Says".

Her various fashion interests reportedly gross \$75,000 a year, and her fee for a day's consultation at the request of a top department store boss is \$1000.

At her "bosses' dinner", she annually bestows an award on the leading merchant of the year. Award winners include J.C. Penney, Marshall Field in Chicago, Lord and Taylor, and Saks-Fifth Avenue in New York.

This is our brief introduction to a fabulous woman from the fashion world. It will indeed be a "special" assembly.

DIAL FOUR ON THE FIRST

May 1 is a day to tune in on WTMJ-TV for the Arts and Sciences program to be presented by Miss Cherry and Mr. Bick. Discussion and demonstration of the chemistry and art of plastics will be their topic.

A WORD FOR COWS

Ann Beier

So you don't care for cows. Well, I'm not surprised, for 'tis seldom that I find anyone with an attachment for them such as mine. You like horses. Or dogs. Or salamanders. Don't think that I am disapproving of horses, dogs, or salamanders, because I'm not; but some of my best friends are cows.

What is a green, grassy slope, a quietly running creek, a peaceful woods, without cows? To me, they are as much a part of the rural landscape as grass or trees or gopher holes. Cows are beautiful to look at. Their design is functional--although some farmers with rheumatism could no doubt suggest an improvement. Cows' faces are calm and understanding; their ears are expressive of every mood; and they come in a large assortment of colors. Some are red; some are deep blue-black; there are spotted ones, brown ones, "calico" ones, and some look just like burned toast.

Did you say cows are stupid? I disagree. At the risk of infuriating all horse lovers, I will say that scientific studies have placed the cow above the horse in intelligence. You may or may not take comfort in the fact that the pig was ranked the smartest of all. But cows are NOT stupid. They learn quickly to come when called; to load properly; to do tricks; to get out of a stanchion no matter how tightly one locks them in, wander to the feed room, and gorge on ground oats. Many farmers themselves cuss the "stupid, foolish" cow who refuses to walk into her stanchion without the influence of a pitchfork at her posterior. "Stupid" is the wrong adjective; for what self-respecting mother wants to stand with her head locked tightly in a stanchion while her baby is bawling at the other end of the barn? What cow

(cont. on next column)

CAMERA ON CLOTHES

Gretchen Flood and Jackie Cox were participants in the clothing contest held as part of Boulah Donahue's television program, "The Woman's World". Gretchen walked off with eighth place from the twenty-five prizes awarded, and appeared in the fashion show of prize-winning dresses. Jackie, too, modeled her dress in the fashion parade over WTMJ-TV, although she was ineligible for an award since she had made her dress practically sitting on a camera during the six-weeks she appeared on the program.



wants to walk into the same old milking parlor when she could streak down the lane to adventurous lands beyond the corner?

Cows will be devoted friends if one will but let them. They are essentially curious. If one enters a pasture, a crowd of friendly bovine faces will surround him; they will sniff at one's sleeves or hair; or they may sample a shirt-tail before they are satisfied that all is well, and will wander away.

Cows have personality. Some are the bold, domineering aggressive type found in every society. They usually have horns to help out their self esteem. These are the

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A SOPHOMORE SPEAKS
(cont. from p. 1 col. 1)

must be carried on again, to create the necessary class spirit.

You of the Green class assailed the Red, asking where they were when they were juniors. I can tell you perhaps better than they themselves can, because I was there too! In the first place, they weren't always at our heels telling us every move to make or not to make in every activity from class rivalry to social life. They were what Big Sisters should be -- always standing by, willing to give any help, encouragement, advice, or criticism -- but only after we asked for it.

The Green seems to think that they've been such wonderful Big Sisters to the Purple. I will be one of the first to say that Junior Board did a wonderful job, but you members of the Green class have forgotten where to stop. Can't you see that the Purple is big enough to stand on its own feet? Didn't they show you with Cabaret? Don't you realize that you're only being resented because of your continued interference in matters they feel capable of handling themselves? If you don't, I think it's time you stopped and realized a few things for yourselves instead of continually finding fault with us.

You of the Green want to convey the idea to everyone that you're the tops in everything from sports to Cabaret, to class, to color. Why can't you let someone else do a little of the praising? If you would, I'm sure that the overall results would be much the same, for you do have a wonderful group of girls, but everyone has heard this self-praise so long that she is tired of it and is beginning to wonder. Can't you forget these things long enough to remember that there are three other classes at Downer? Can't you realize that you're only hurting yourselves by not including yourselves as

friends, as Downerites, rather than as members of the Green?

Apparently the Green just does not understand that most of us of the Yellow simply don't go in for the type of spirit they deem so necessary. Why can't you, Green, forget that you were sophomores? You had your chance at the Hat. Did the Red interfere so completely with your activities last year? They saw changes, but they weren't so prone to be heard complaining all over campus, as you have recently been heard to do so loudly. Can't you let us have the Hat and do what we feel is best with it? Can't we even be sophomores without your interference? You were in our hair enough last year. Can't you stay out long enough to let us show you what we want to do, how we feel, what Downer and its traditions mean to us, what we would like to give the frosh?

Apparently you feel you have the right to intervene because you think the frosh aren't getting the right impression of class rivalry. Have you stopped and considered that to them your type may not be the right type? Have you taken their ideas and real impressions into consideration before blasting the Yellow off the map? I suggest you do so and I think you'll find the Purple wants to be left alone, to do as they want, not to do as you want them to do or as the last Purple class did. Why can't you let the Purple of '53 die a normal death? Sure they were a wonderful group of girls with loads of spirit for their class color. This is not your type of spirit. You're first for Green, second for Green as guardian angels of Purple -- not for Downer as they of '53 were.

You of the Green say that we of '56 lack originality as well as organization. Why don't you take a look at yourselves? Ever hear of imitating someone? Well, you seem to be doing a grand job of it. I see shades of Purple '53 and Green of '51 all over the place.

(cont. on p. 4 col. 1)

A SOPHOMORE SPEAKS
(cont. from p.3 col. 2)

Perhaps by now you think I'm dead set on eliminating all those of the Green, so I'd better make myself clear. I feel and have felt that there are so many wonderful girls who wear Green and who are a tribute to it.

After Hat Hunt and even til October of this school year, I felt proud of the Green, as a class. I was proud to point you out as friends, as the Green. But when you began, as a class, to again put class rivalry before friendships, you broke my confidence in you. We of the Yellow felt that you were our true friends, but you deserted us; you placed class rivalry above this. You can't seem to grasp, as a class, the meaning of friendship, trust or even simple, common, courtesy to us of the Yellow in this, our year.

I ask you, Green, can't you stop and realize that we want to give the frosh the traditions of Downer which are so cherished by each of the classes, and particularly by us in this year when Yellow is around the Hat? Can't you let us have our year or what is now left of it? You've managed to ruin a lot of fun for us already by your unnecessary interference. Can't you forget your assumed role of sophomore-junior and be just juniors as you were in September?

Now to the Red of '54 I want to tip my Last Hunter hat! You were there when we really needed you last year. I, for one, believe that your type of help made us stand on our own feet, when we probably wouldn't have otherwise. Just remember this---we of the Yellow are proud of you. You may not be the loudest on campus, or have the loyalest class spirit, but you've been there when it counted to us---Razzing, Freezing, Follies, Cabaret, Hat Hunt, Rally, Hat Banquets, and, more important, when we wanted you and needed you

to help, comfort, or advise.

Although your class doesn't seem to have the spirit Green thinks so necessary, I and the Yellow will back you to the last. If only the Green could see that the Hat isn't theirs this year, as you saw last year, better relations would result. You at least realized this, which is a vital part of becoming a Downerite, which is even more important than becoming a member of the Red, Green, Yellow or Purple Class.

The Hat belongs to all Downerites. It's a part of us all. We all love and cherish it--its ideas and traditions--but I for one stand up against anything about it which is bad, as we all should. Why then should there remain connected with the Hat those things which leave a bad taste in the mouth even after a year, after Hat Hunt when they're all supposed to be forgotten? Why is it so wrong to want to make Hat Hunt what it once was--Hat Hunt with the emphasis on the last word?

"Wisdom...only teaches us to extend a simple maxim universally known...a little farther. And this is, not to buy at too dear a price.

Whoever Takes this maxim abroad with him into the grand market of the world, and constantly applies it...he makes the best of bargains...He purchases everything at the price only of a little trouble, and carries home all the good things...while he keeps his health, his innocence, and his reputation, the common prices which are paid for them by others, entire and to himself."

Fielding
Tom Jones

Mr. Johnson will be guest speaker on Thursday, April 22 over WTMJ-TV. Watch "The Woman's World" for his discussion concerning what books have shaped America.

A WORD FOR COWS
(cont. from p. 2 col. 2)

ones who push, bully, and bunt the others; these are the ones who strut proudly to and fro, especially when someone is looking; these are the ones who strive to be first at the watertank, to get the most feed, to get the nicest stall. And these are the cows who unhesitantly kick if the milker happens to pinch them accidentally or if the milk pail happens to be filled and Bossy would like to see a minor flood and hear some scorching language. Then there are the calm, gentle, peace-loving cows who have a philosophical outlook on life: Farmer will dish out enough feed for all, and it is not likely that the well will run dry. These are the cows who make pleasant noises of greeting when one approaches and sniff friendly little sniffs.

I have known many cows. One, my special pet, comes to greet me every year when I return home. How she can remember me year after

QUICK SNAPS

Mrs. Lay has a cute one to tell of her sister's reason for changing from Biology to Geology --- "Rocks don't reproduce!"

Sue Ashton got a fast answer from her brother, Dave, when she asked herself audibly --- "What shall I take next semester?" His reply? "Aspirin."

year is something of a neighborhood mystery, and there are usually several skeptical observers when my cow and I have our annual meeting. The fact that she will bite almost anyone else, actually drawing blood, is also a mystery if anyone tries to find out why she does. But she's my friend.

So you still don't care for cows. Well, did you ever really know one?

H a p p y
E a s t e r